

Hymn.

The Church's one foundation
In Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From heaven He came and sought her,
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partake one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;

Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic, sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we
Like them, the meek and lowly
On high may dwell with Thee!

—Christian Intelligencer.

Pleasures.

There are few persons in the world that are not seeking pleasures in some way or other. And it should be our highest aim to investigate and study the nature of pleasures as we meet them in life.

Pleasures are gratifications of the mind or senses, and may be ranked in two classes, pleasures that are of an eternal nature, and pleasures that are of short duration.

"The joys of earth, how soon they fade
Like morning dew, or evening shade."

If we would find pleasures that are enduring we must needs look beyond this brief and mortal span, beyond the confines of the tomb. "In thy presence is fullness of joy, at thy right hand are pleasures forever more."

It is a sad yet stern fact, that many of us pay too much attention to the vain and fleeting pleasures of this life. In our wild career we seemingly forget our Creator, and bask in the pleasures of sin and iniquity without once considering the terrible doom that awaits those that live for earthly pleasure, only. Many are so immersed in the present, as to be entirely regardless of the future. The gospel of joy is lost sight of, in their blind pursuit of the riches and pleasures of this life. Distant countries are scanned over, rivers are traced, mountains are dug up, sacrifices are made, and some even resort to the intoxicating cup, and almost every imaginable resource has been taxed to quench man's thirst for pleasure, all alike fruitless and vain: yet the countless failures of the past ages have in no degree diminished zeal in this direction. Many still persist to follow their carnal inclinations which terminate only in transitory pleasure, while others still, labor and are heavy laden, not heeding the kind entreaty of their heavenly Father—"Come unto me, I will give you rest." Would that many might cease their wearisome earth seeking, and secure the kingdom of God which is "Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

God has designed that we should be happy in this life, and he knows best the means adapted to this end. Harken then, to the voice of inspiration, ye vain seekers. "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways.

Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee." To those that hasten after other gods, sorrows shall be multiplied, while those that keep his ways increase their joy in the Lord.

It is a characteristic of the pleasures of sin that they greatly decrease, or in other words, man's capacity to enjoy them grows less and less, as we advance in life.

The nearer we approach the eve of life, the less we relish earthly pleasures, and as they decrease, the greater the taste for heavenly joy is increased. When our youthful vigor and bloom loose their

bright hues, as do the green leaves of the forest, and the days of prosperity flit away—when our former associates forsake and leave us alone to sigh, it is then we but the closer cling to the Friend born for the day of adversity, whose power and presence dispels the gloom and brings gladness to the saddened heart. When disease invades the frame, and the pleasures of sense can give no comfort to body or soul, then the meditations upon God and his love to us, delight the soul.

Ye restless votaries of sinful pleasures, turn to the voice of wisdom, and the way of peace, that the joy of the Holy Ghost may be your treasure, for if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the sinner and the ungodly appear?

ANGIE B. SUMMERS.

Memorial.

Although it has been some time since the EVANGELIST brought the sad news of Sister Yoder's death, even yet, we can hardly realize it.

We have many reasons which we might give for believing that Sister Yoder was a most devoted wife and mother, as well as a faithful worker in the church; but we believe as much that all who knew her were acquainted with that fact, therefore we would instead, extend our sympathy to the bereft family, and sorrowing friends of our dear, departed, sister. First of all I would pray the Lord to visit, comfort and bless the husband and children, with the consolation which He alone can give.

I have had the experience of sorrow for the dead, and therefore can sympathize with heart-broken mourners. But why do we weep, and why these blinding tears? Would we call her back again? No, let us rather remember and be glad for the kind ministrations which we enjoyed at her hands during her sojourn with us in the world of cares and sorrows. Let her rest, and sweetly sleep.

"The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,
No more disturbs her sweet repose,
Than summer evenings latest sigh
That shuts the rose."

In the great battle of life we feel that by the death of sister Nannie we have lost an earnest warm-hearted fellow-soldier; but we hope to still enjoy her influence spiritually.

One is taken and the other left, and who will decide which is the better portion. "There is sweet rest in heaven," the thought nerves our arm and quickens our pace in the allotted work, but still the fainting heart occasionally sighs: Oh! tell me, is the waiting long? Before leaving Ashland, sister Yoder wrote me a letter in which she tried to describe the terrible suspense she then endured on account of the critical condition of her husband's health, (he was then lying sick in Mo.) Her nerves seemed to be on a heavy strain, and I feared that her health would also be wrecked, but did not expect the crisis so soon. During our short acquaintance I received several letters from her expressing much tenderness and sympathy, as well as interest and concern for the welfare of the church and college; but generally her husband did the writing. He would write expressing her wishes as well as his own, and his accustomed style in closing was "Nannie joins me in sending much love, &c." What a sad change, and how we shall miss those ever welcome letters.

Hoping the sorrow-stricken family may find comfort in making this language their own, I submit the following lines:

Dearest Savior! how I love thee
Thou dost know our every grief;
When we bring our troubles to thee
Thou wilt surely grant relief.
Oh how precious,
Jesus knows our every grief.
Cares may come, and sorrows try us
All will be of no avail;
We are his, and he is ours
Though we pass within the vale.
Oh how precious,
Jesus knows our every care.
The world is dark, but he will guide us
O'er the stormy sea of life,
'Till at last we reach the haven
Where is ended every strife.
Oh how precious,
Heaven is free from every strife.

LAURA SLOTTER.

Columbiana, O., Sept. 12.

Earnestness in a good cause cannot stop short of fame.

Pen Wavelets.

BY R. F. MALLOTT.

Where was Bartemus—who by the gentle touch of Jesus' hand had received his sight and the man who had been delivered from an infirmity of 38 years standing and the "10 lepers," when Jesus was being crucified! Echo—answers where? Of the many who had "Believed on him." So few were with him in this dark hour of trials and suffering. John and a few sisters were standing by, Peter and a few more "Following afar off."

How is it with us? Do we keep in the shadows of his cross? or are we following afar off? or have we grown blind again and can not even "See afar off, and have forgotten that we were purged from our sins? Let us oft "Examine ourselves whether we are in the faith."

I wish we could all feel the power of individual effort. I have been thinking as the revival season is approaching what a work would be accomplished if each member in the Brethren Church would bring a soul to Christ this Autumn. This picking fruit is perfectly apostolic or Scriptural. Philip left Samaria to teach one man in the desert; Andrew went out alone from Christ and brought in his brother Peter. Christ improved the time after night once by teaching one man that wonderful lesson on regeneration. Then again at the well of Sychar though tired with travel, He taught one woman the power there is in the water of life?

Brethren and Sisters redouble your efforts. Let victory be preached upon your banners.

A Prayer to Faithfulness.

May persons join the ministry and not the church? While their favorite pastor remains, they are full of interest and zeal for the cause. But when he is removed their zeal suddenly abates, and they seem to care but little whether the church lives or dies. Such persons are not reliable, and any cause that has not truer friends and more faithful and consistent supporters, is not likely to succeed. We can not always have our preference others may have different tastes, and they have as good a right to be gratified as we have. Our devotion for the church should rise above all preferences for individuals, and if the pastor, in our estimation, lacks in any particular, we should be the more faithful, that the church may not suffer loss. We should prefer Jerusalem above, our chief joy."

O Brethren let us so square our lives so that when the final end comes we will not have to exclaim like the foolish virgins, give us of your oil, for our lamps have gone out. Let us always walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we have been called, so that we will finally be able to exclaim with the apostle Paul, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge will give me at that day, and not to me only but to all them that love his appearing.

O Brethren every where, pray for me that I may hold out faithful unto the end, as I have lately frequently felt like giving up the fort to the enemy, for it seems that he is bound to get possession any way. I will still pray, O Lord remember not against me my former iniquities. Let thy tender mercies speedily overshadow me so that I may receive spiritual strength in return. We beseech thee, O God of hosts: cause thy face to shine, and by grace we yet shall be saved—

For our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there
When we arrive at Home.

O may the day speedily come when we shall be able to exclaim, mercy and truth have met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other; for thou, Lord art good and merciful unto all them that call upon thee.

The space I have already written over admonishes me that I have at least reached the limit I ought to ask for this communication. I will stop right here until I can reasonably ask space for another little contribution. Till then good by.

NOAH A. FRAME.

Elkhart, Ind.

Practice only can burnish the virtues into their glorious lustre.